

# MORE ROOM NEEDED AT NURSERY

Fine Work Being Done to Assist Wage Working Women to Care for Family.

By ELSIE McELROY SLATER.  
(Silhouettes by Baron Scottford.)

Forty of them, in a tiny house. The blackbirds that were baked in the pie were not more crowded in their environment than these little youngsters are. The house is 302 South Florence street. Any one is welcome to go at any time to see these little wards of El Paso's kindness.

A Kindness, Not a Charity.  
A Day Nursery is a kindness and not a charity.

It is a helping hand to mothers who must go out to work for a living and who are thankful for some place where they can leave their little ones in safety. The fact that most of these mothers happen to be doing the hardest work, scrubbing, washing and ironing, for the lowest possible wages, but, a somewhat cruel pinch to their need for the Day Nursery, but it also makes the little folks the most appreciative in the world of comfort or kindness shown them.

Thirty or forty little folks come knocking at the door of the Day Nursery every day. Some have to be turned away every day. There is no room. The pity of it!

All Ages of Childhood.  
In the crowd there are a half dozen or more babies—calm and contemplative; the Day Nursery babies appreciate their adopted comfort. Their philosophy centers mostly about the milk bottles, round which their tiny baby fingers keep curling all the time. Candidates for kindness just the same, many of them have not a shirt to their backs and all of them lack one or more generally considered indispensable articles of clothing for small babies. They are not comfortable, rich, luxurious babies even if they are good; they are the babies of mothers who must work away from home, scrub, wash and wash-women, many of

them. These littlest tots know a good thing when they reach the Day Nursery, and soo and gurgle. They need warm shirts, socks, and petticoats, diapers, dresses, tiny shoes, hoods and outside wraps, rattles and milk.

Next come the creepers and toddlers, the two-year-olds and three-year-olds, more than a dozen and a half of them. They know what celebrating is. They know Christmas. They not only celebrate the birthday of the baby, but the birthday of the mother, too. They know the difference between the breakfast table and the dinner table, and the difference between the milk and the bread and milk supper hour. They know how to be thankful, for they know want and the pinch of cold and the pinch of hunger and the pinch of shifting for themselves while mother works way off on the other side of town.

However, in spite of these three terrible punches which these youngsters endure, they are way ahead of some of the very poor little children of the rich who do not know how to appreciate, who are haggard on the path of real happiness because they have so little experience with sincerity. Hunger and cold and fatherlessness are sad and terrible sins. The little child of the rich who is always being pushed aside for less important card parties or dressmaker engagements or dances, who never has a chance to get down to bed rock with his father and mother and with life, does not live half so much in his life as the youngster, black or brown or white on the other side of town, who

at least knows one thing that is so, and that is poverty.

They Enjoyed Christmas.  
They had a good Christmas. The matron washed them up and buttoned them tidily and pulled up their little stockings and wiped their little noses and they marched across the street where a kind neighbor, the Lydia Patterson Institute, had lent them some room for themselves, and the bright tree. The tree was beautiful. The lights were on the edge of the tree. The lights were on the edge of the tree. The lights were on the edge of the tree.

The mother works as hard as women flesh and bones can push all day long for a wage of three dollars a week and is lucky to get it. They live in a room that is half underground and is furnished with a table, a box and a bed. There is no stove. They sleep under blankets in steam-heated houses. The matron does not blame the mother for bringing the children to the Day Nursery. She would not want to wash them in a bitterly cold room at 5 in the morning. If they were her own, any one who turns over in bed under his warm covers at 5 in the morning will remember that it does seem pretty sticky right then and a cold sponge bath in an open doorway would not appeal to him any more than it does to Señora Rodriguez.

The Children in the Picture.  
In the picture the big little child sitting down is Roberto; back of him the first in the row is his sister, with her hand to her mouth. Roberto cannot walk, he has to be carried. The matron will tell you that the rather

handsome little fellow with his blazing eyes in a good child but he chooses to stay apart. He sits by himself, hunched up to his room and sits all day with a block or a clothes pin to amuse himself. It is good unless the other children get too close to him, then he is sharp and irritable and cries. He acts like a child who is always on the edge of some sharp pain and only by holding himself still and untouched can he keep out of torment. The little girl back of him is his sister, Consuelo, and the baby in the middle is his brother.

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The child facing the cradle, the third figure in the row, is the artist had to do him about to put his thumb in his mouth because the youngster is almost

handsome, blonde, and an Anglo-Saxon as the type is made. He is smiling and friendly and bears no grudge against life although it did him an ill turn when his father and mother were robbed of everything they had, every bit of personal property, and both had to turn to and find work and start to rebuild their fortunes—both strangers in El Paso too.

All they ask is for a safe and happy and comfortable place for the baby during the day so that they can work their hardest. They pay the slight fee which is charged when mothers are able to pay. Some of the Mexican mothers are proud as duchesses across the water, and out of their meager earnings insist upon paying the five cents a day, the nominal charge intended to save the house from being a charity affair, and making it really a place for working folks.

Angelita, the "Interpreter."  
Angelita, back of the baby in the middle of the picture, was posed as being for the Day Nursery. It was just a pose. In real life she is no bigger whittier but a very brave and independent little woman with as big a purpose in her heart as if she were seven years old and going her way instead of being a little alibi of a thing seven years old and the world none too friendly.

She, the star of the nursery but is leaving it now, having turned seven, to enter the public schools. She is the official interpreter for the institution and speaks English and Spanish with equal fluency. The only thing she cannot do is to count in English. She has a fine, intelligent, high minded, self-controlled little face and a big am-

bition to be a teacher. Blessings on Angelita forever and ever.

An Elder Sister.  
The big little wisist girl facing the baby in the center is one of the many older sisters who come to the doors to see how little brothers and sisters are getting along. She goes to school but is nevertheless a very young and childlike human glad of a bit of once in a while when the nursery can give it to her and rather sorry she is not Day Nursery age. She likes school, but she would like the comforts of home, before and afterward.

Back of her is a corpulent gentleman who thrives on poverty. He has no shoes, but what of it? Cold is a small matter. All he asks of the world is that it won't ride him down in his automobile and will give him his fill once a day of something that will stay, and a snack morning and night if possible. For an experiment in the simple life or in getting back to nature he would be a good example. He wears next to nothing, has next to nothing to eat, has next to no loving and no opportunity, and yet thus far he is quite a wealthy upstanding citizen and El Paso can be proud of his shadow. It will be wait for El Paso, we see to it that his shadow never grows less. That shadow would do credit to a city twice the size of El Paso.

The One With the Hair-Bow.  
Corpulent, indulged, even fashionable, appears the shadow of Paz, and the most indifferent to the problems of child welfare in big cities cannot but smile at her. And the kind artist has put her silhouette faithfully. She is all that his shears represent—fat, a

bit pouty, and with a well tied ribbon topknot. Only her smile, completely at ease with the world, a smile as complacent as a brook flowing through a flowery meadow in sweet June time, is lacking to make it a perfect impression of Paz. Paz looks in her more substantial form just as she does in the shadow plus the smile.

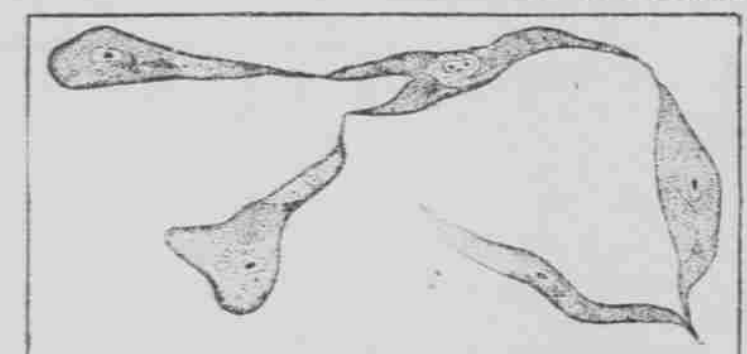
The little lady is the only child of a faithful mother, faithful to her and faithful in a service place where she makes three dollars a week and gives satisfaction for the money received.

That Paz looks so prosperous and indulged and well dressed on three dollars a week and the Day Nursery is just the luck of some women.

The Outsiders.  
But there are a lot of little children outside flattening their noses against the glass peering in, and big-eyed little boys knock at the door begging bread in the name of God; there are wistful little girls so faithful to the younger children, so helpful over the tubs, so eager at the schools; there are little babies sick and dying of pneumonia without a scrap of wool about their poor little aching bodies; there are children blonde and brunet, brown and white, who need comfort, safety, food, a chance—a little children of the poor hundreds and hundreds, such a crowd of needy children about us.

What of them?  
El Paso should be thankful for a chance to help these littlest citizens. The Day Nursery is only a little start toward offering to worthy children the chance, the possibility, for making life a little happier, more comfortable, and more perfect.

## The Mystery of the Heart Beat



Series of single heart-muscle cells which have been observed to grow, beat separately, unite with one another, and finally beat in unison.

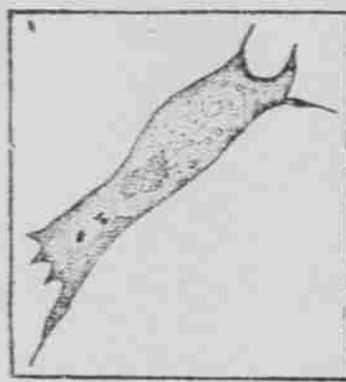
By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

THE heart is a great mystery. It is a machine that goes of itself. Science has not been able satisfactorily to explain why a heart beats, for to say that a thing goes because it has an inherent power, or tendency, to go is no explanation. It was formerly supposed that the heart beat because it was impelled to do so by impulses coming from the nervous system. That would have made it dependent upon the brain.

But then it was found that hearts will continue to beat after their connection with the central nervous system has been severed. A frog's heart, or a fish's heart, goes on beating after it is separated from the body of the animal.

The brain is dependent upon the heart rather than the heart upon the brain, for the latter cannot work without the blood with which the beating of the heart keeps it supplied. The brain is the center of intelligence, but the heart is the center of life. If the mind, as many think, is an independent something which inhabits the brain as a man inhabits a house, then the heart resembles the furnace that keeps the house in a habitable condition, but which automatically does its own stoking, and which is not to be tampered with or regulated in any way so far as to affect its inherent power to go alone.

There are some curious facts about



Simple muscle cell from heart of an eight-days incubated chicken. When a section of the heart tissue is planted in the blood plasma and placed in an incubator, cells like above grow out from it, isolate themselves and begin to contract rhythmically.

heart action to which Messrs. E. W. Tower and C. F. Herm, of the Amer-

ican Museum of Natural History, call attention, that give one an almost unending feeling.

It has been found possible to grow heart muscles of a warm-blooded animal in an incubator, and during this growth the muscles of the heart have been observed to wander away from the mother tissue and by itself begin to beat.

This looks, as they logically add, as if the individual isolated cell, having grown to a certain size and finding the necessary food and necessary warmth, the necessary oxygen, or in other words, the correct environment, will begin to beat—that is its business. It cannot help it!

Single heart-muscle cells which thus begin to grow and to beat of themselves, have been observed to unite with one another, catch step with one another, and then beat in unison. Combined they make up a heart, and the heart sustains the life of an animal. Where do they get their strange power? What instinct causes them to unite, and to time their beats together? Some minds are satisfied with the assertion that chemical action does it all, and some are not. At any rate, we seem to be getting nearer the mystery of the origin of life when a number of muscle-cells in an incubator are seen growing and attaching themselves in clusters, and after a while beginning to beat all together, and to keep on keeping, perhaps a hundred strokes to the minute, for several days—a heart without a body.

But we must remember that these cells are already in them when the experiment began, the chemists did not give it to them, they originated in an already living animal. The chemist has only put together held chemicals and seen them shape themselves into cells, and then to grow, and to beat, and to unite and swing into rhythm, and so form an embryo heart.

But there are chemists, or biologists, who think it possible that the thing may be done some day. What it is done science will have made a tremendous leap ahead. Then we will know how life began on the earth, which we do not at present.

The ordinary cost of a Want Ad in The El Paso Herald is 25 cents. It reaches an average of about 130,000 readers each issue.

### A Story of Wide Appeal

## Their Married Life

Helen Goes to the Theater and Sees Warren There With a Strange Woman.

"I HAVE never heard such good news in my life, Helen," said Louise enthusiastically, as they were going down in the elevator. "Francis deserves to be happy. She is young and full of life and is just the kind of a woman who needs someone to lavish her devotion upon. People who do sentimental things like she does always need love more than others."

"That's rather hard on the rest of us," Helen said carefully.

"Oh, no, dear, you don't understand me, that's all. I simply mean that we outsiders do along somehow making the best of things, but people like Francis suffer terribly if they lack a personality to adore."

"I always thought that you and Bob were romantic lovers," Helen defended. "I hope we are," Louise returned. "But I'm not temperamental. I'm no different than nine-tenths of the women in the world, because I am quite well aware that I am practical. Louise's frank admission somehow comforted Helen. She had felt uncomfortable ever since Francis had admitted her engagement to Curly, or if not uncomfortable, she had a return of that feeling for something she didn't have that evening in the dark for acute feeling. But that of Francis, Helen did not realize that she was far different from Francis, and she another

looked across the aisle, where, hardly ten feet away from them, she spotted a little, sat Warren with a woman. Her sharp exclamation, which she immediately tried to smother, attracted Helen's attention instantly.

Helen Steps Out.  
"What is it, dear?" Helen questioned, and then, her eyes following those of Louise, she saw the woman who had been a moment to observe the woman with him before the curtain went up. She was rather stout and blonde, and in spite of her grave looks, Helen felt that there must be an explanation of some kind. She tried to direct her eyes to the play, but she couldn't. Everything seemed flat. Her own thought was to avoid Warren's eyes. It would never do to have him see her at the play and wonder what she wanted to give him plenty of chances to come to her and explain, if there were a satisfactory explanation.

After the play, Helen and Louise slipped out the side exit and took the subway uptown. Louise left Helen at the door with an admonishing request of her not to misjudge Warren before he had a chance to explain.

"It's too absurd, Helen," Warren isn't that kind of a man. He's always a victim of circumstances and misapprehensions and is always being judged that way. Why just look at him, any one would say that he is a typical family man."

Helen felt that in the time she had never grazed as it did while she was waiting for Warren to come home. He appeared very soon after she had taken her things and Helen didn't have time to settle herself before she heard his key in the latch. He came in bringing over his health, and kissed Helen as usual.

"Your face is cold," he said good-naturedly, "been out?"

To the theater. Helen returned to the play, and she knew how much I have wanted to see The Violet Day! Well, Louise and I went this afternoon."

Warren Surprised.  
Warren was looking at her in surprise. "Where did you sit?" he asked. "We had good seats, in the fifth row," said Helen.

"Well, if that doesn't beat all," Warren said, grinning broadly. "Did you know that I sat that very same show this afternoon?"

Helen hesitated. She hadn't expected this, and she hardly knew what to say

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9:15 P. M.

The theme—A daughter poses as the mother of a child to whom her own mother has given birth, and then persuades a young man in turn to pose as the child's father, in order to shield the real mother from the wrath of her husband, the girl's father.

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